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The artisans, though few in number, comprised a third occupational group. Just because their knowledge and special skill raised them above the ordinary peasant, these artisans in no sense of the word walked in the rarified atmosphere of the intelligentsia. In 1937 the people of Dragalevtsy supported one blacksmith, one full-time and two part-time tailors, a cobbler, and a barber. Of course, the six or seven Dragalevtsy men who went to Sofia every day to ply a skilled trade were enumerated in the census but had little connection with the economy of the village. The few tradesmen were identified more with the agricultural group than with the artisans.

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One of the most picturesque characters in the village was Iliya, the smith. Dark-complexioned, sturdy of frame, with his stolid face weighed down by enormous mustaches, he was far too forbidding in countenance to attract the village children to his small establishment behind Bai Penko's tavern. In fact, customers often had to look for him in the tavern, where he consumed record-breaking quantities of liquor. In his sober moods he and his two apprentices occasionally worked fourteen hours at a stretch to finish up some much-needed job. The three of them combined wagon-repairing with blacksmithing, working at the lathe almost as frequently as at the anvil. However, frequent preoccupation with hinges, wagon bolts, horseshoes, plowshares, and wheel rims gave Iliya a fair claim to being a *kovach*, or smith. So did his master smith's certificate hanging on the wall.

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Yurdan, the leading tailor, was another artisan. He and his wife Zdravka were a unique couple in that they were the only Dragalevtsy people to become involved in divorce proceedings within recent years. To be sure, Zdravka withdrew her petition for divorce soon after it reached the high church court, which, rather than civil bodies, then decided upon all matters pertaining to marriage. Yurdan had a small but well equipped workroom attached to his trim little house. Although Dragalevtsy-born, he worked for twelve years in Sofia as an apprentice and *maistor*, later becoming the first tailor to set up business in Dragalevtsy.

I often went to converse with Yurdan and Zdravka, for I found them both loquacious and inclined to be objective in their views of village life. I questioned them in particular about the peasant costumes, which always seemed picturesque to me, a foreigner. It was Zdravka who told me how the women made their garments.

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a trade school in Sofia. Because he drove in his wooden pegs with the best of them, he was building up a profitable business in the village.

Barbers stayed only a short while in Dragalevtsy. One from Sofia opened up a shop on the main square with high hopes, but his white coat and swanky airs attracted only a few intelligentsia and summer residents, and practically none of the peasants. The barber that seemed to enjoy the most popularity during his erratic visits to the village frequented the taverns. When his services were in demand, he pulled the victim's chair to a corner where he set to work in view of the general public. His mellow tenor voice, none the worse for his imbibing, brought him more trade than his ability as a barber.

Other artisans were even more itinerant than the barbers. The *maistori* (contractors, master builders) came to the village whenever a building was to be put up. One day in the fall of 1934, upon arriving in Renaissance Square I was amazed to see a shirt and a flag flying atop the highest beam of the then unfinished Obshtina, or municipal building. I heard a powerful voice calling out:

"Half a gallon of wine from Ivan Stoynov! May there be as many blessings in his house as there are ants in the field; may his joys be as numerous as the leaves on the trees."

The voice paused for a minute or two, perhaps for the owner to sample the wine, but soon rang out again substituting "two pairs of stockings" for the "half a gallon of wine" in the chant about the ants in the field and the leaves on the trees. I soon learned that the villagers had chosen this day to carry out the traditional practice of bringing presents to the master builder for distribution to his workmen, who were dutifully acknowledging the gifts in the accepted manner.

The tinsmiths usually were gypsies who spent a few days each year in Dragalevtsy. In spite of their low social position they performed a useful task in keeping the pots and kettles serviceable year in and year out.

My growing acquaintance with the people and the work they did helped me to sense the atmosphere of Dragalevtsy life. But I soon began to feel, with the peasants, the dominance of the great mountain